

Mr. Allen's Resolutions.
The Senate, on the 15th, refused to receive Mr. Allen's joint resolutions which, the Intelligencer says, fall little short of a general declaration of war, against all the Nations of Europe, put in the most Quixotic form. Had the question been other than that of reception, the vote against it, that Journal intimates, would have been much larger.

Mr. Crittenden.
Our Senator has offered resolutions as to the Oregon question. They will be found in their appropriate place. The Intelligencer declares them "to be worthy of his reputation as a Statesman and a Patriot, whose object is an honorable peace, if attainable, in preference to an unnecessary and forced war."

Kentucky Legislature.
For important proceedings of this body, see first and inner pages of this week's issue. There may be Legislators who wish to have alien and sedition laws—gags, fines—imprisonment, &c., to put down liberty of speech; but not surely a Kentucky Legislature. We make no comments on what is said or proposed; we will wait until we see what shall be done. Meantime, we call attention to the legislative action of the State, and especially to the report of the Judiciary committee on the ninth day of January.

Mexico.
By news just received from Pensacola, it is stated that the Mexican Government had refused to receive Mr. Slidell as minister from the U. States. The reports vary. One account says, that it was owing to impending revolutions in Mexico; another refers to our critical relations with Great Britain. This may be all gossip. In a few days, if true, we shall hear more of it.

Very Important.
TWO DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.
The Oxford arrived at N. York last week, bringing dates from Liverpool, to Dec. the 6th.

Although but two days later, the news is important—being in effect an announcement of the overthrow of the Corn laws. The London Times' version is, that it was left to Sir R. Peel to determine whether the repeal should be total and immediate, or total and not altogether immediate. This announcement was not credited by the Standard; but seems to be generally believed.

Cotton was without change in price; the Corn market stationary. Sales of Cotton had been brisk, and prices were firm. No effect either way had been produced in the Corn market by the announcement above made, as to opening ports, &c.

Taxable Property in Ohio.
Last week, in giving some statistics of Kentucky we remarked that the true cash value of the property of Ohio was not given, and that, therefore it was wrong to institute a comparison between that State and ours. Since then we have read an estimate made by Mr. Alfred Kelley, Senator, we believe from the Franklin district, in that State. This estimate is carefully made and is stated to be below and not above the mark. It gives the taxable property of Ohio, as follows:

Land (Farm) listed for taxation 23-071,202 acres at an average value, including buildings and other improvements thereon, of \$30 per acre.	\$699,795,625
City and Town lots with improvements thereon.	75,000,000
Flouring Mills, Grist and Saw-Mills, forams, foundries, tanneries, factories, and various other manufacturing establishments.	20,000,000
Dry goods, groceries, hardware, and all other kinds of merchandise and other articles kept for sale.	35,000,000
Furniture (other than necessary kitchen furniture and bedding for the family) for 350,000 families, estimated at \$100 average value of each family.	35,000,000
One wagon, or pleasure carriage, for every 2 families—175,000 at \$30 each.	5,250,000
Value of steam boats, vessels, and stage coaches.	2,500,000
600,000 horses and mules, old and young, at \$30 each.	18,000,000
2,000,000 neat cattle, old and young at \$6 each.	12,000,000
4,000,000 sheep, at \$1 each.	4,000,000
3,000,000 hogs, at \$2 each.	6,000,000
Gold and silver watches and various other articles not mentioned.	10,000,000
Making a grand aggregate of	\$596,045,626
Mr. Kelley cites New York in 1835, when its population was very little greater than Ohio at this time, to prove that the above estimate is too low. He gives the following table of the assessed property (only that it falls far short of the true cash value) of that State, for that year.	
Real estate	\$59,756,674
Personal	187,539,456
Total,	\$667,396,130

The taxable property of Ohio, therefore, is double the amount of taxable property in Kentucky.

Foreign Affairs.
The National Intelligencer of the 11th, expressed its apprehension as to the peaceable settlement of the Oregon dispute, in consequence of the action of the House of Representatives. That day in the Senate, Mr. Allen's resolution, on motion of Mr. Westcott, was postponed to the 10th of Feb., by a vote of 32 to 18. On the 12th, the Intelligencer says its apprehensions are in some degree qualified, by this vote, and adds—"We still think there will be peace between us and old England, but we do not feel the same confidence of it since the disclosures made in the debate still going on in the House of Representatives."

In the Senate on the 11th a bill was reported for the construction of ten war steamers, and near six millions appropriated for this purpose. It was laid on the able. Very well, if there is to be no

war. If there is to be war there should be, not only no party divisions, but five times the amount appropriated for the defence of the country. In an emergency of this kind, whatsoever is necessary to be done, should be done with promptness and unanimity. But we construe the action of the Senate in postponing Mr. Allen's resolution and laying his bill on the table, as pacific throughout. It is the best sign of peace we have had.

For the interesting details of the Senate action on the 11th, see congressional proceedings.

The Original Mistake.
These are good and true words, as applied to any State, in which Slavery has been introduced.

It is hard to get men, in certain moods of mind, to admit, that there ever was, in this country, such an original mistake; nay, fanatics and ultras, declare in the most positive terms, and attempt to prove, too, by dogged assertions in the shape of argument, that Slavery is really a blessing—the sure guarantee of human happiness, and the highest incentive to the possession and protection of human liberty. But some how or other, the moment men's eyes get opened, in Free or Slave States, all this talk is set down as "foolish stuff," and the "original mistake" acknowledged and denounced, in the strongest terms.

We have before us, in exemplification of this fact, several letters from Virginia—from Planters there, in which there is an universal condemnation of the system of Slavery. One calls it, "an unmitigated curse;" another "a hydra evil," and yet another "the damning sin of the day." But these Planters, or many of them, don't know what to do, though they have enough to say. Nearly all of them ask the question—"what shall we do with our slaves?" That our readers may understand them, and know their temper, we quote a letter (published in an Eastern Journal,) which briefly embodies the views of this class.

"Looking at this ancient commonwealth, renowned even in the brief history of our republic, one cannot help lamenting that so fine a territory should remain so unproductive in the sources of national wealth, and should by an *original mistake* in her founders and legislators give substance to a popular error. That mistake, that violation of the law of economics, was the establishment of slavery. A large portion of the physical surface of Virginia was intended and adapted for free labor. Here stretching along the Western horizon may be seen the famous Blue Ridge, a beautiful range of mountains, now covered with snow, whose whiteness charmingly intermingles with the deep cerulean blue of the wooded summits, in a manner that strongly reminds one of the wintry fancies of a New England landscape. Beyond these mountains lies the rich and fertile valley of Virginia, stretching onward towards the State of Tennessee, and a whole should never have touched this soil. Despite even that sort of indolent human labor, in which little is accomplished, and much wasted, this region of country has many fine farms. On these, however, much white labor is bestowed, for many of the dwellers are of German extraction, whose industry is not to be paralyzed even by the presence of negroes."

"The Richmond Whig has spoken out recently with its usual boldness and decision on the subject of slavery. It goes for abolition! Professing no regard for the happiness of the slaves, no spirit of philanthropy, but taking the ground of political and economical expediency, it demands that measures of emancipation be taken by Virginia in self defence, otherwise it predicts final ruin to the State. So let it be. (Not the ruin, but the emancipation.) We in Virginia must admit that Mr. Pleasant is in the right as to the fact, however successful his spirit towards the black population. But what shall we do with them? Answer this who can."

"Answer this who can?" Very well, let us see how it may be done.

1. **Determine upon Emancipation.** That is the great object. Men ask you for your plan often, to find an excuse for their non-action, or else to oppose it, and thus leave things as they are. But when it is resolved to do right—to get hold of the evil and crush it, there is no halting between two opinions—no cavilling; and no doubts. In all moral action—in all social reform—the thing is, to create first a right feeling—to make the community or a controlling majority, see and acknowledge the evil which it is desired to remove. If that be done, all else will follow, almost as a matter of course.

Look at the teachings of history on this point. Before all great changes, these same difficulties have been started, and this same class of objections made. Luther heard them. Washington had to encounter them. But how they vanish when met, and how success crowns human efforts when, putting by these objections, and disregarding objectors, patriots, reformers, philanthropists, assert the right, and do it. Look again at the moral progress of the individual. They who say—"it can't be done"—where are they? They who, alarmed at some apparent, or present difficulties declare they "can't be overcome"—what is their fate? They fall; they inebriate, criminal, or what not; they fall, like Lucifer, never to rise again. But let a man start upon the principle that a brave deed can be done—that great difficulties may be overcome—and how honors cleave to him as he rises a hero among men! The history of all great achievements on Earth, whether done by man, singly or the mass collectively—teach this one lesson—that the power to do is never separated from the belief that the thing needed can be done.

2. **To think otherwise is to deny the power of progress in man.** What is the history of the world, but chapter upon chapter of reforms bravely won? What each year tale from the flood but the grasping of rights on the part of the few and the struggling for these rights on the part of the many? But when, or where, has human reform been attained, even if afterward temporarily lost, without advancing man? Blood may have flowed; long civil dissensions may have followed; the worst of human evils cursed society; but amid them all, an educational process has been going on, which day by day and year by year, was fitting its subjects for larger thoughts, and a truer freedom. The difficulty has been always—not in the want of means—but in not seeing what was

for the best. The film over the moral eye has been and is still the main cause of the delay and drawbacks in moral reform.—Well put was the prayer of the Grecian Hero:

"Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore, Give me to see—and Ajax asks no more."

On this point, indeed, we have only to specify the very class of difficulties referred to in the question of the London correspondent. The serfs of England, they were Slaves; and the Lords and Barons argued, as masters here argue, and asked, as they now ask, "what shall be done with them?" But the right act was demanded and granted; these serfs were set free; they became in fact, and in spirit, Free-men. And who ever heard of the difficulties encountered in the process of the change from the serf, to the Freedman?—What Historian recounts the great suffering of master or man? The change made both: both were elevated and ennobled by it. But say our friends "the slaves in this country are not of the same color with us; we can not overcome the prejudice of the past; *caste, caste* is above all law and all principle; they must and will be kept degraded." Grant it. Then we point to Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania; they were all Slave States; they emancipated their Slaves and what difficulties did they meet with? What disaster befel either class—master or man in the change wrought? Ask the youth studying the history of these States or the old citizen who remembers the acts of universal emancipation on the Statute Book, and they will point you to them as first among the glorious deeds of the commonwealth.—These, and all other difficulties will be overcome when the public *will* is right.

3. **To hold any other position than the one we have assumed, as it appears to us, would be to impugn the ways of Providence.** Oppression is no part of man's lot either as regards his social or political rights; wrongs of this character he was not born to suffer. To suppose, then, when they exist, that they cannot be removed, is tantamount to declaring, that God justified them; nay, that he caused them; and decreed that they must be perpetual. This no lover of his species—a no believer, certainly, in a wise and merciful Creator would, or could ever assert or admit. It may be hard to get rid of wrongs; difficulties may beset oppressor, and oppressed; but to say, that these wrongs cannot be remedied—or that these difficulties may not be overcome is to make a mock at God, to degrade the character of man, and drag down the hope of the fallen to the lowest and darkest abyss.

Retribution—what is it? Consider this law, independent of all connection with an hereafter, and say what does it teach in the life of the individual or the State? This: that for every wrong done, "stripes" follow. And they cannot be escaped.—Trace for this end the history of any man or nation—mark the wrong they do—and as sure, as they live, retributive justice pursues, and overtakes them for suffering or doing that wrong. And wherefore this great law, if not to teach—not only that men and governments should avoid the commission of wrong—but that when ever committed—they have the power, in themselves, to remedy it? Why, if we were to read the history of the world with a living faith—if we were to take up any of its changes—even that whirlwind storm, the French Revolution—and go back, tracing how one wrong begat another, how each grew larger upon reprobation, until at last, the patience of humanity was over-taxed, and it madly heaved off, with Vesuvian destructiveness, all restraint—we should see written in the tide of life, clear as the noon-day sun, this great practical lesson. It is the law of God. As such, it has ever stood a monitor, on earth, to warn the strong, and to protect the weak. And eventually it will, everywhere, compel man to do justice to his fellow.

"What shall we do with the slaves?" We say, if we are determined to be free in Kentucky, or Virginia, there will be no difficulty on this subject. *Where there is a will there is a way.* Do you ask, friends, "have we no plan, shall we have none?" By all means. Consider that well; digest it well: do the best you can: for a plan is essential. But first and foremost, as the surest means of accomplishing emancipation—as the certain way of securing the best plan—and thus of answering fully the question, "What shall we do with our slaves?"—let us acknowledge what is right as regards ourselves and them, and determine to do it, and our life for it, Man's Wisdom, through God's direction, will make the path of emancipation a glorious one to the Master, alike safe to him, and the down-trodden Slave.

Let us, then, strike at the great "*original mistake*," and make up our minds, as fast as we can, to get rid of it—for be assured, as soon as such is the *common will*, all difficulties shall pass away, and the thing will be accomplished, with the happiest results to the Citizen, and the Republic!—How can we doubt this, if we have any faith, whatever, in heaven, or man, or ourselves?

Slave Trade.

Interesting accounts of the Slave Trade have been received in this country from Sierra Leone. The dates are up to 30th of August last.

Sixty vessels engaged in this trade were captured between the 1st of April, '44 and 17th April, 1845. Some of them were commanded by most daring villains and several of them fought with desperate valor they surrendered.

One of these vessels, the African, was captured soon after she left her port—her hold contained *five hundred and eighty nine slaves!* They were crowded together there without light—without air—with out water—without beds. The first night

after her capture, twenty-eight died; thirty more perished before the vessel arrived at Free Town; the same number the day after her arrival at that port! When the poor wretches left were landed, they leaped on shore and rushed for the canoes hauled up on the beach, pushing and fighting with each other, while attempting to drink the stagnant water contained in them. The inhabitants of Free Town succeeded in relieving them to order, and very soon, relieved them by supplying them with food, drink, and shelter.

The horrors of this traffic no tongue can tell. We may conceive them; but language fails to lay bare its horrid iniquity. Of all recorded human guilt, the guilt of this traffic is deepest. If we enter a Slave vessel and look at the scenes there—the loathsome hold—the living often chained to the dead—mothers trampling from very want upon the weakness of their children, and fathers dashing out the brains of their wives—the air putrid with death vapor, and horror surrounding all—or if turning from these sights we look at the cruel and sordid avarice of civilized man, in pursuing this traffic in human blood with a ferocity which harrows up the soul, and a fiendish spirit that mocks at every human hope and encounters every human indignity—we cannot but wonder that the civilized nations of the earth do not combine to crush it. No war should be darkened by the flag of the pirate Slave dealer and no sea polluted with his blood-stained villainy. The ensign of no nation should protect him one instant from the doom of death. It is the crime of earth and the power of man should be put forth to the utmost, with industrious and indignant zeal, to track out the monster villains that thus stain the ocean with blood, and sweep them forever from its free and wide circumference.

Moral Bravery.

When on the coast of England, some years ago, a heroic girl, in the midst of a raging tempest, sought in a frail boat and by her own effort to relieve a ship wrecked crew, she dreamed not of the applause which that act would awaken all over that land. And it was well she did not. For it was the simplicity of Grace Darling on that occasion which gave her conduct the charm of romance and makes her name now synonymous with the loftiest heroism. She was unknown out of her neighborhood before, and by all there was only thought of as the poor fisher girl. But when alone on that stormy night, when stout hearted men blanched and quailed before the raging sea, she periled life to save the lives of others, her pure moral bravery made neighbors, and a whole kingdom, love and reverence her.

And so it always when any deed of moral daring is done, if the heart of a people be pure enough to appreciate it.—We say if: for there are deeds done saving more of Heaven than earth, which because the film of prejudice shuts our eye, or a thick web of selfishness is woven round our heart, come before us as a tale of misty wonder, a dream that is spoken of, but forgotten as soon as told. We have heard many such in our day which were worthy the best chronicler's task, yet which perished, save in God's and good men's memories, because they were not deemed meet for the public ear, or fitting for the public taste. We remember one well. A cruel master, without cause had determined to sever a slave mother, and her only child. She had been faithful under the very worst usage, and she determined to remain so, until he told her, that on the morrow, her child must be borne to New Orleans to be sold there in the Slave mart. It was mid-winter. The earth was frosted with a hard crust, yet at midnight she started for the Ohio shore, determined, if she could, to live and die with her child. She reached its banks as her pursuers rose on the hill beyond—no boat was near—masses of rotten ice were sluggishly drifting along—what was she to do? Trusting to Heaven, she put her feet on the treacherous element, and with it bending and breaking beneath her, (spectators on either side expecting to see her and her child sink at every moment,) she boldly pushed on from cake to cake, until she landed safe on the Ohio shore. Five minutes sooner and she must have perished—two minutes later and she would have met with a watery grave, for before she had proceeded twenty steps the ice behind her, close on the Kentucky side, had broken and was scattered ere she reached the mid river. "Thank God you and your child are safe," exclaimed the hard hearted master, as he saw her land, rejoiced that he had escaped the responsibility of their death. "Brave woman," said a Kentuckian who had witnessed her escape and met her at the landing, "you have won your freedom and shall have it." The mother and the child were kept together and liberty and love is now their lot in their humble but happy home. Was there not true heroism here, and is not the scene worthy the sweetest song of poetry or the holiest prayer of man? It is a deed of heroism that will be remembered in heaven, if forgotten on earth.

This story was recalled to our mind by the narration of an interesting scene, witnessed and described by Mrs. Kirkland. A mistress, uneducated, and comparatively poor, though a slave owner had resolved to give freedom to her bond. She would trust nobody in the execution of her plans. What had to be done for them, she determined to do herself. She was their friend, as well as mistress, and she meant to show it, and she traveled with them to Detroit alone, determined to see them safe and free in Canada. Thus does Mrs. R. recite the simple story of the pure unknown ones brave goodness.

"Not always alone, or accompanied only by fellow sufferers, do these poor dumb witnesses of fraternal cruelty seek the Canadian shore. An incident, which will forever be fresh in our memory, occurred while we were residents of the West. A family of slaves, wearing not the crushed aspect of the fugitives we were accustomed to see, made their appearance at Detroit, decently clad and accompanied by their mistress and owner. She, a woman of little education and plain manners, had not only vowed to emancipate them, but, in order to assure the freedom which she knew would be so insecure in a Slave State, had left all, and traveled with them, through incredible difficulties and embarrassments, even to the verge of the country which alone, of all the earth, is capable of the desperate attempt to make Freedom and Slavery walk hand in hand. She was unacquainted with even so much geography as would have taught her the States through which she must pass to reach Michigan; and her enquiries on the road had been answered by information purposely calculated to mislead and perplex her. She had been for years laboring under a conviction that she had no right to these slave people, though she had not so much as heard that there was a body of persons called Abolitionists, who interested themselves in favor of their bondage. Not one single human being among her neighbors and acquaintance who did not condemn her course; not one to whom she could look for advice or sympathy. Yet this uneducated but lofty soul was exalted, and quietly followed up its noble purpose, until the whole number of grateful freed-men were safely landed upon the shores of Canada."

"Then, and their happy friend, no longer burdened with the title of mistress, take leave of her charge amid the unutterable blessings of her hearts, and returned to the American side to sleep—and, as she said, in peace, for the first time for so dreadful had been the scene of wrong and so great her fear that death might interpose before her plans and their great result could be consummated."

It is these simple and honest acts of duty and affection which win us to whatever is lovely in life, and makes us yearn for true disinterestedness, which, without thought of reward or fear of punishment, forces us to do simply and directly our highest duty. As children, parents, and citizens, how elevated and happy should we all be, if honestly we acted upon it.

Foreign Interference.
We have received the following note from a worthy citizen:

Dear Sir:—I am pleased with many of your ideas, and especially with the warm honesty with which you press them. I think the prejudice against you is gradually subsiding, and that in a year or two the public ear will be open to your counsels, and the public mind ready to adopt your views.

I believe this would be the case now, were it not for foreign interference. Canada, you persuade the North to keep still—to let the South alone? If it would do so I sincerely think we should have an emancipation scheme fairly and fully discussed in Kentucky in one week from this time. I must confess to you that nothing has kept me back but this foreign interference. What say you?

Yours,

What does our correspondent mean by "foreign interference?" Our answer to his note, will depend upon his reply to this query. *Legally* there can be no such thing. Slavery is a domestic institution: a home concern. Neither Congress, nor any Free State, can touch it, or interfere with it in any way. If our correspondent refers to legal action, we should agree with him. But if he refers to moral interference—to that influence which public opinion exerts for or against any system, we say—not only that we cannot help him—but that he asks an impossibility—what Heaven may not grant, or man justly claim. Let us, taking it for granted that we construe him correctly—examine the request, and see where it would lead.

His idea is this: "that the Free States should keep quiet; should leave the Slave States alone; for if thus left alone, they would themselves do what was right." We do not agree with him. We deny the justice of his request as regards the Free, and the correctness of his postulate, as regards the Slave States, and we do this, putting aside all considerations of the ultraism, or fanaticism, or violence, of either side, as the subject of Slavery, and looking solely to that sound public opinion which arises from a sense of duty and of right. What effect, then, would the idea of our correspondent have, if carried out, upon the Slave States?

First, it would tend to make slavery *perpetual*. For what would be the position of things? In the Free States, nothing would be said on the subject of Slavery.—Other questions would be discussed, but here there would be silence; a direct and sound public opinion could be formed and expressed as to other systems, but on this not a word! And what would the Slave States do in return? Agitate Slavery? Why, they will not allow the subject to be discussed in their papers! South, the political press is now chained down, and even the organs of the church, dare not say what they feel, or express aloud what they think! How, then, would they begin? When they could not help themselves—when an overruling necessity pressed them—when the question was starvation for the white or black—then they might act—but not till then. Does our correspondent doubt? Let him look around; mark the 18th of last August; listen to the talk of men; and watch the movements of Legislators sworn to obey the Constitution!

But do not let our correspondent, or any one else, suppose that we overlook the generous impulses, or nobler virtues of Slaveholders. We know them well. We know their spirit of good and their spirit of evil; wherein the former directs, and the latter is triumphant; and it is this knowledge, with a fair share of acquaintance with the motives which actuate them, that leads us boldly to say, if action depended on *them* upon them, (except in certain extreme cases) Slavery would never die out. Consider.—What are the ties that wed the South to Slavery? Habit, love of property, love of dominion; and to this may be added, the absolute want of the necessary energy, often, to move against the Institution, or to throw it off. These rivet it down. They give it the strength of ages. Hence Slavery has defied whirlwind blasts, and struck its roots deeper and firmer, and reared its head higher, and extended its branches wider, at the rocking of every political storm which has blown over the country since the formation of the constitution! In a meagre minority—yet a unit, keen to see what is needed for themselves, and as quick to do it—Slaveholders have controlled this nation, and control it now, by their sagacity and resoluteness of action, in strengthening, extending, and perpetuating their peculiar interest. Take away then, all outward pressure—let the moral influences of the Free and the virtuous remain dead—keep dumb the sound

public opinion of the world *against* Slavery—and its huge colossal form would cover nearly the whole of this Continent for ages upon ages yet to come!

How else, we would ask our correspondent, is this power to be broken, except by the moral influence of the world? Put aside here all thought of abolitionism—forget the fanaticism of the day—condemn and forgive, for the nonce, as you condemn all who would irreligiously sunder the ties of master and slave, or worse still, with damnable ferocity, stir up to rebellion the latter against the former, and look at the worlds opinion as made up *independently* of all these, and upon sound principles and a fixed basis; for it is of that we speak, and on which we rely. By what other means, can Slavery be eradicated except through this? The exertion of this power never fails. It may be slow; but it is sure in its process. If a mighty energy is at work to sustain evil, public opinion exerts a mightier energy still to master it; if, in one region of the earth, a vast power is united *within* to sustain a wrong, a vaster power still, is combined *without* to crush it! And this public opinion—baffled as it is so often—defeated seemingly sometimes—is as sure to carry its point—to win the day—to make truth triumphant as wrongs exist or are tolerated. Why complain of it? Why madly abuse it as a "foreign interference?"—Vox populi—Vox dei. The voice of the people here is the voice of God, and it must be heard and obeyed, let who will flout, or denounce it.

Finally, our correspondent asks an impossibility, and we say this independent of all the considerations we have just mentioned. Suppose we test him and all who argue as he does. Let them be told of some massacre in Mexico by the despotism of a military chieftain—would they hesitate to denounce the bloody deed? Let news arrive of some monstrous governmental wrong committed in Canada, would they think of measuring their execrations? Not they! The feeling of the heart—the moral power of man—knows no boundary, and can be stopped by no artificial or natural barrier. It is borne above the top of ocean's stormiest waves—leaps the loftiest mountain summits—crosses deserts—penetrates through wildernesses—whenever the cry of human suffering is heard. And can it be otherwise? Human sympathy is not *local*. The heart of man does not say, "let us pour out our power on all that is bad in the Free States and stop there." The line which separates Virginia from Pennsylvania, or the river which divides Kentucky from Ohio, cannot shut the eye of philanthropy to injustice on one side or silence the tongue there because that injustice was committed in a State to which we are strangers. The spirit of humanity is of a broader mould; it is created by God; and no policy of Legislators, no selfishness of the people, can break or limit it. It will go forth—it will act—and be felt in unconfined world-wide space, and with world-wide energy. To talk of limiting this human sympathy—to think of making it the echo of the law in S. Carolina, or of an unsound public opinion in Kentucky or of whatever is false to God or man in any place—is the wildest folly and maddest thought that ever entered head or heart.

We ask our correspondent, if it be not so? We ask him and his friends whether a State, like an individual, should not be held amenable for its own conduct and character? Say what we may, it is public opinion, acting through human sympathy and a fixed moral purpose, which gives the individual his position and the Government its place, in the affairs of this world.—Remove from either this power—take away the fear of scorn—let them feel that they have nothing to dread from exposure *within*, or punishment *within*, or just retribution hereafter—and what would they care as to their sayings or doings—their thoughts or acts. Nay, if we come down to the real gist of the matter, it is public opinion, more than our judges, or our acts of the Legislature that gives the law its vigor and makes property safe, and life secure. In the olden time, the despot looked to see if the soldier stood at his back; if there, he did what he pleased, without thought of the mass; their rights or feelings or his duties. Now, even the sovereign looks to his peers, and the public, for their approving voice, and dares not wantonly brook or brave it. In this country, certainly, the law-maker and the law-giver stand, and can alone stand upon sound public opinion. Why then should the slave holder claim exemption from its action and its influence? Why should he attempt to disarm the moral sentiment of the Free States, or expect them to obey his impious command, that far shall thou go and no farther? No! no! no! The thing is impossible—it is wrong—you ask friend too much—what never can be granted and never ought to be demanded.

Obey the law; enforce it. We go in as far as our correspondent can do, for this obedience, and this enforcement. But beyond that, our conscience—our conviction—our thoughts must be left free. We alone have supremacy over them, and we may not yield them up to any tyranny unknown to, or above the law. If there be men in Ohio who rob and plunder—cowards there calling themselves freemen, who tamely submit to injustice, Kentucky and all other States, would, as they should, brand the crime and the criminals. If, in Massachusetts, oppression stalks abroad, and men are crushed by it, the Union and the world would, as they should, expose the outrage and deal forth upon the wrong doers, a common reprobation and scorn. What we would do to them, we ask for ourselves and for Kentucky. And we ask for it all the louder and the more earnestly, if here, inhumanity is justified in the eyes of men by the law itself. We say, while, from this cause, the public

voice is dumb and citizens are forbidden or afraid to speak out, let the free public heart abroad bent strongly, and give manly utterance to its indignation and scorn for whatever wrong we may commit against human happiness and human liberty.

We ask our correspondent, and his friends, if we are not right in these views, and whether he, or they, as patriots, can deny the *truth* of what we defend?

For the True American.
CROW FOOT SKETCHES.

Chestnut street, Philadelphia, is the sheep walk of the hawk-ton, for man is gregarious, and so is a sheep; man has wool on his head, so has a sheep; a sheep has a leader and the rest follow; man has a leader and all the rest follow: a sheep has horns,—well enough said!

When we were a school boy we used to put a drop of ink on a sheet of white paper, and then fold it down and press it; the line of dejection passing through the drop, strange and fantastic figures were the result: these we used to call crow foot sketches.

There are crow foot sketches in Chestnut, things human and inhuman; such things as are described in the books and such things as are not to be described at all.

We say nothing now of the men; when they are once done for, there is no cure. Lord Chesterfield hoped that regard for the opposite sex might effect something, and put his son under the tutelage of "fine women," but it would not do. Man must be original and self-relying or nothing.—Not so the women; they look to us for their every help, and improve by precept.

But for the sights in Chestnut street. And first we saw women, thick and thin, fat and lean, high and low, angular, rectangular, and triangular. We saw a nose with a face to it, and a face without a nose, a neck without a head on it—then a head without a neck; a large leg and the human face divine, in awful and mysterious junction, as some said of Ole Ball and his fiddle, "it was hard to say where the fiddle ceased and the man begun," so of the leg and the face! We saw old "gals" from one to three in a squad, lean, dry, and fallow, a drop of rain missing once the head would never touch in its descent.—Their eyes were a fixed and lack lustre cast, and if by some chance they fell upon that "other part of mankind which is not a woman," they spoke in unmistakable language, "Sirs you will be d—d for this." Some had thin and wild blown hair, wiry, like a cataract of cork screws; some platted; some crisped; and then there was a lassie with yellow mane, which showed its voluminous folds in all directions like fiery beams of the autumn sun. Some were *fat*, not plump; yes, by Jove, *fat*—a fat woman has no soul; immortality is swallowed up of mortality; we tell you they will go to sleep and a shower bath can't wake them! We saw three women in a row, they were of the same size, had the same step, all loaded with cotton bales, and they beckoned to the east, and then to the west—did you ever see three cradlers abreast in a wheat field?—they are all at-fat at the stroke—like soldiers they keep time, and respond to the flam of the drum sticks! We saw dresses of all sorts and colors, one, two, and three stories high—one of mud, one of brick, and one of stone. Out upon such horrid architecture! If a woman is a ball, or a triangle, or a square, or any other geometrical figure, the more clothes she puts on, the more breaks in the outline, the more colors the better, for if she be a monster in form, a clothes horse is the loveliest sight—but if she be a woman, of divine image—simplicity—simplicity—simplicity is all.

We saw some skins like old leather; some chalky, and some laid down in beick dust, and indigo about the eyes, take care there! Wolf in the camp! We leaned our arm against the column at Jones', and for an hour let our eyes fall with the freedom of a stranger, upon this stream of caricatures, till we felt like swearing by the mammoth tail, the wild crab apple orchard, the raccoon dog, the best ride, the snapping turtle, and the half horse and half alligator, and the small touch of an earthquake, that there was not a pretty woman out of old Knickerbocker, when we were of a sudden smoothed down like a frill under a hot iron! We saw her coming at last—she was half an inch above medium size, and would weigh more than she seemed, which a practiced eye gathers from the momentum, as truly as from the scales—the movement cannot be limited. There was the whole outline of the woman with no breaks in the dress, neither in edge or color—the bonnet was of dark crimson velvet, with a red graceful feather hugging it around unostentatiously,—a dress of a warm color and elastic texture, closing at the round wrists with clasps, swelling with the shoulders, gently shrinking with the waist, widening once more, and then with the undulations of the walk closing in sympathetically with the loveliest feet and ankles in saucy boots of the same hue of the dress—a scarf thrown over the shoulders, so as to form a pretext for bringing the well chiselled hands to a clasp at the zone. It may be that a band of polished gold or brilliant shone through the intervals of the wrist-bands, and the all pervading colored gloves, we know, concealed the offerings of many lovers. There were features, not classic, but passionate and full of poetry and soul, the large and expressive mouth; eyes large, wide apart, and wide awake under seemingly sleepy lids,—rich Auburn hair, so judiciously braided as to fill out to perfection of outline, a most beautiful head—she seemed to walk, all intent, on her own sweet thoughts, as if conscious of the inexhaustible treasures of her own being.—With one glance she knocked the crow foot sketches into a cracked hat, and "Mrs. Peck's husband" was a dead man! CROW.

Philadelphia, Jan. 5th, 1846.

